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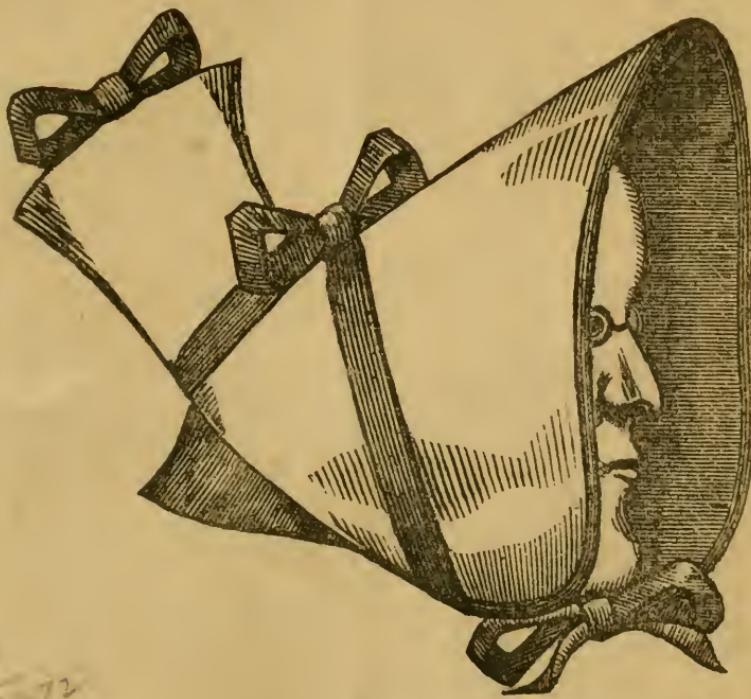






THE

# OLD SETTLERS' FESTIVAL



HELD IN BUFFALO,

*January 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1857,*

AS DESCRIBED BY THE REPORTERS OF THE BUFFALO EXPRESS.



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# OLD SETTLERS' FESTIVAL.

## FIRST DAY.

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[From the EXPRESS, Thursday, January 28th.]

When the great Christian Commission Fair was held in this city, in February 1864, some one conceived the happy thought of connecting with it, as an appropriate and attractive feature, a grand reminiscent festival of the Old Settlers of Buffalo. The festival proved a rare success, and the good people of the elder generations enjoyed its resurrection of their youthful gayeties so enthusiastically, that they there and then resolved upon an annual repetition of what we may fitly call, perhaps, the historic carnival of Buffalo.

For four years, now, the Old Settlers' Festival has been an event to which many eager thoughts through the entire twelve months have converged, and every year, eclipsing the festivities of the year before, has grounded more deeply the establishment of this novel fete among the peculiar institutions of Buffalo. At last we should seem to have reached the point of absolute culmination, so impossible is it to imagine a development of the original idea of 1864 beyond what we saw opening for the present week in the Tea Party of last night.

### The Tea Party.

First in the order of the week's exercises came, yesterday afternoon, the long looked for, much talked of tea party, to which were invited not only those of the early settlers who still haunted the scenes of their youth but many who had been drifted off by the vicissitudes of life to other fields of labor and of rest.

### THE HALL.

The hall presented a very handsome and attractive appearance. The chandelier was heavily draped in graceful folds of scarlet and white, with festoons extending to the gallery, the walls of which were decorated with material of the same color, and medallions of green. The front of the gallery was hung with red cloth, as were also the walls of the hall itself, relieved by festoons of evergreens, interspersed at regular intervals with finely executed portraits in oil, handsomely framed in gilt, of the following "old settlers," of this city:

### OLD PORTRAITS.

- Martin Daley.
- Mrs. Daley.
- Foster Young.
- George Patterson.
- Mrs. Robert Patterson.
- Wells Brooks.
- Gorton Young.
- Mrs. Marshall.
- Dr. Marshall.
- Robert Patterson.
- Mrs. William Galligan.
- John M. Martin.
- William Galligan. (Two portraits of different ages.)
- Dr Trowbridge.
- Capt. W. T. Miller.
- Mrs. Miller.

Aldrich Wells. (First white man born here.)

Capt. Champlin.

Mrs. Champlin.

Elijah Darrow. (Taken at the age of 59 years. Came to Buffalo in 1830.)

Mrs. Darrow. (At the age of 54.)

Noyes Darrow. (At 34 years of age. Came here in 1817.)

Charles Boynton.

Mrs. Boynton.

Mrs. Noyes Darrow. (At the age of 32 years. Came to Buffalo in 1817.)

Cadwallader Carpenter.

Red Jacket.

Capt. George B. Field. (Killed at Monterey.)

Mrs. Olive Field.

The stage and other accessories were in harmony with the rest of the decorations.

#### THE TABLES.

Seven rows of tables, laden with all the substantial and delicacies of the olden time, were extended lengthwise of the hall, with ample room for promenading between them. Turkeys, chicken, ham, tongue, roast and boiled meats, with chicken pies, and the ancient and venerable pork and beans, graced the table in fabulous abundance, while among the wonderful productions of confectionary art, and the well tasked labors of the pastry cook, the once acknowledged prince of cakes, the rich, brown, tempting doughnut, redolent of fragrance, dear to the memory of young and old, once more asserted its wonted supremacy, surrounded by the apple-butter, rye bread, cheese, cream milk and sparkling cider, that of old were wont to grace its court. Nor were the modern luxuries of oysters, charlotte russe, and the endless variety of jelly cake and biscuit, wanting on the occasion, and with tea and coffee, presented a feast that an epicure might envy, and the very dream of which would gladden the heart of a Bar-mecide.

Extending its length immediately in front of the stage was another table groaning beneath the weight of the more difficult *pieces de resistance*, at which Messrs. Oakley, C. T. Sawyer, J. B. Scott, H. N. Sawin, P. B. Williams, C. M. Nixon, Horace Thomas, B. F. Bruce and W. C. Alberger, presided as carvers, and discharged their onerous duties with singular grace and dexterity.

In addition to the dressing rooms for the ladies, the ante-room was stored with an ample supply of doughnuts and hard cider, which were done ample justice to by crowds of votaries of all ages throughout the evening.

By five o'clock the hall was filled and groups began to occupy seats at the tables which were soon nearly all taken. As old friends greeted each other after long absence the scene began to be ani-

mated and lively, and it became doubtful whether the tea party would be held at all. At length Captain Cotton rung the bell and affairs began to assume form and shape.

#### A WORD OF WELCOME.

Silence having been obtained after much ringing of the tea bell, Dr. Clark stepped forward and spoke as follows:

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** I have been asked to welcome you to these tables in a short address—special emphasis being laid on the “short.” (Laughter.) It is hard to speak and I know from experience it is hard to hear when so many splendid things are waiting, and I shall occupy your time but a few moments.

We are doing honor to the fathers and mothers of Buffalo, not so much for their sakes as for the sake of ourselves and our children. It was a good old custom in Rome to have the founders and benefactors of the city held in perpetual remembrance on the ground that nobody ought ever to live in Rome without feeling himself bound to do some honorable and noble thing for Rome. So in Buffalo we should act so that no man shall think himself worthy of remembrance unless he shall do some great and lasting work for the city, and our Jewetts and Roots and Austins have a work to do. We want schools and churches, and, I may add, some of us gentlemen who wear white cravats want parsonages. (Laughter.) I will not delay you longer. Let us unite in prayer.

After offering prayer Dr. Clark took his seat, the remaining places around the long tables were speedily filled, and the tea party commenced.

#### TAKING TEA.

A pleasant sight it was that met the eye of one looking down from the galleries. At the seven large tables were seated some four hundred guests while around the hall in groups, chatting gaily, stood hundreds of the younger portion waiting patiently for their opportunity. Everywhere fitted the young ladies who had been selected to minister to the wants of the “old settlers.”

Around the tables occupying the centre of the hall were seated those to whom the term applied in its strictest sense. Many were there who were in the midst of active life when Joseph Ellicott was breaking his brave old heart over the obstinacy of the villagers who refused to allow Erie and Niagara streets to run riot across Main; some whose homes are yet held by deeds to which the Holland Company's seal is attached; others who can yet remember how they “whaled” Col. Bird, Lewis F. Allen, and the other Black Rock “Boys” whenever they dared to show their heads above Prospect Hill.

Five years later these last had sworn allegiance

to each other and were ready and armed to do battle against Tonawanda, the then formidable rival of Buffalo's commercial greatness.

Now all met together and, reviving the traditions of the past, lived over again the scenes of fifty years. Boys of fifty were nowhere at that long table, and when one 'young' man ventured to recall some incident of the Patriot war, it was evident that he was looked upon as a child whose place was in Grandmother Doolittle's trundle-bed in the kitchen, across the hall.

Not a few of those present had celebrated their golden weddings, and in one case the representatives of four generations sat side by side.

Jovial old blades, without fear or favor, told before their wondering grandsons bard stories of the mischievous pranks which the gray haired gentlemen opposite had played many years before. And these pioneers of Western New York, who had brought civilization to the shores of Lake Erie when they were far off as the Pacific slopes now seem, with delicious abandon gossiped over their tea like the members of a New England Dorcas Society.

If sadder themes would now and then intrude, as they spoke of the fallen leaves, the many who were still hale and vigorous gave reason for anything but regret, and pleasant and happy reminiscences were the order of the hour.

At the further tables the descendants of these founders of the city spoke of more modern themes, and, from the dexterous way in which some younger men slipped into seats which by singular accident had been left unoccupied beside still younger ladies, the inference is natural that some themes were handled which have been always new since Adam met Miss Eve in the Garden on the Euphrates.

#### AN ARRIVAL.

The festival was at its height when an interruption was caused and no little excitement created by the arrival of the widow Doolittle with Remarkable and Thankful, who marched with bag and baggage through the hall on the way to Grandmother Doolittle's hospitable dwelling.

A young scion of the house of Doolittle bore aloft a venerable hair trunk, the widow-woman-like, clinging frantically to a bandbox, the size of which was strongly suggestive of a coal scuttle bonnet of gorgeous and awe-inspiring architecture. As they moved through the room many greetings were given by those who remembered the widow before her marriage and departure for Boston.

#### A CAPTAIN OF TWENTIES.

The men to whom has been given the genius to command are few and far between in History. A half century separates a Napoleon and a Grant.

But the genius which leads advancing squadrons deals with trained masses obedient to command. A Grant would have been powerless if suddenly placed in charge of the youthful army which thronged around the tables in St. James Hall last evening; and yet in discipline and drill these skillful handmaids showed themselves veterans in all save age.

Certainly Miss Granger won her epaulets last evening, and none of the hundreds around the board would hesitate to pay exalted tribute to her generalship.

To be old was no longer a discomfort when one was surrounded by such servants. In fact any number of young men from the galleries above looking pensively down on the scene below them, found themselves wishing that they too were "old settlers," and more than one would gladly have gone back and entered this checkered existence at a time when Main street ended at the churches, and Mrs. Doolittle's far off country residence lay somewhere near North street; and Augustus sighed as he thought of the days when his great grandfather ate doughnut and drank hard cider, making love on a score of successive nights to a score of damsels such as those below him.

If now and then some thought responsive to that of Augustus distracted the attention of a coffee-laden maiden whose eyes met his as she tripped down the hall, there was none to blame her carelessness, for certainly a more genial company never gathered around the mahogany tree than those same old settlers. A clatter of china, a hum of many voices, and the venerable company began valiant battle with the good things before it. While the contest goes on we g'ance a moment at Miss Granger's little army, whose business it is to reinforce the ranks, among which the old settlers are making such frightful havoc.

#### BELLES OF 1800.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the costumes worn by these half-a-hundred waiters. Every garrett had been sacked for heir-looms and treasures. All were characteristic of a by-gone day and yet all had some distinctive features. There were any number of genuine checked aprons and not a few rich and beautiful dresses, while nearly all had some piece of lace or article of jewelry which had been worn two generations or more ago. We can mention but a few of the antique treasure thus brought to light.

A necklace of gold beads something like a hundred years old was worn by Miss Hoy, to whom it had come down from her great grandmother. Her lace was nearly half a century old.

One of the most antiquated of the many antiquated costumes in the hall was that worn by Miss

Wheeler. It was composed of a French chintz of a curious drab hue, the manufacture of which must by this time be among the lost arts. Flowers of green meandered in a sort of aimless way over the dress, giving the whole, to a mind of modern cast, a sadly bewildering appearance.

Miss Lucy Hopkins wore an antique lace collar and jewelry of the earlier part of the century.

Our archaeological knowledge does not extend back to the time when the ordinary operations of the toilette were reversed, and ladies were fitted to their garments. We are therefore at a loss to understand how our great-grandmothers managed to get their arms into such sleeves as were attached to some of their dresses. Miss Mary Kingsley had a dress of this kind, made of calico, and in what a venerable old lady informed us was the fan waist pattern. An ample white apron completed her toilette, which must have been very striking when it was first designed, and certainly has lost nothing in its journey through time.

Miss Churchill wore a very rich thread lace collar and sleeves.

Miss Minnie Smith was dressed in old French calico and wore a check apron of the standard pattern.

One of the most exquisite toilettes of the evening was that of Mrs. Colburn, of Chicago. The dress was of French copper-plate chintz, rich in color, and fresh as when it first came from the loom, and made with mutton leg sleeves of immense size. A rich old necklace of amber beads heightened the effect.

An heir-loom of Mr. Warren Granger's family was the dress worn by Miss Delia Chapin, a gorgeous green chintz. A high white apron, ruffles, and a comb of enormous altitude were added.

Miss Jennie Burtis wore a flounced calico of a pale pink hue, a dress which her mother was wont to don on festive occasions years ago. Mutton leg sleeves and a muslin cape of antique workmanship.

Miss Manchester's grandmother, (her memory should be sacred to Buffalonians of to-day as the mother of the late Bradford A. Manchester,) was vividly pictured by her granddaughter in a venerable dress of the calico which was the height of fashion at the close of the last century, and a check apron.

Another of the household treasures of Dr. Burtis was a French calico dress of half a century ago, worn by Miss Burtis. The comb would have made an antiquary wild with delight.

Miss Nellie Titus had also been permitted to rifle Mr. Granger's stores, and appeared in a white chintz flowered in green.

A silver comb, bearing evident marks of having been wrought early in the century, was the crown-

ing feature of Miss Barnard's costume. Her dress was of calico, of a curious red color.

Miss Galligan's dress was one that had been in her family for over fifty years. Her ruffs were marvels in their way.

A valuable pin of silver, about one hundred and twenty years old, was worn by Miss Hoy, who also is the possessor of an ancient necklace of gold beads.

Miss Nellie Caldwell was dressed in black with very old lace trimming.

Our space will hardly perm't us to specify further, although, as we have said, nearly every young lady had some article of dress especially noticeable on account of its antiquity. Among those who did so good service around the tables, and whose names have not otherwise been mentioned, were

Miss Marie Hedge,	Miss Hattie Putnam,
Miss Ida Sawyer,	Miss Serena Kibbe,
Miss Joey Bird,	Miss Maria Flint,
Miss Lizzie Miller,	Miss Ella Davock,
Miss Angie Taylor,	Miss Carrie Fillmore,
Miss Mary E. Miller,	Miss E. Caldwell,
Miss Fannie Morgan,	Miss H. Y. Lay,
Miss H. Phillips,	Miss E. M. Whittaker,
Miss Jennie Curtis,	Miss Eva Kaene,
Miss H. Gardner,	Miss Mary McKnight,
Miss V. Howell,	Miss Fannie Castle,
Miss Nellie Pugeot,	Miss Emma Lyon,
Misses Hayden,	Miss Lillie Lord,
Misses Roop,	Miss M. Blanchard,
Misses Lovejoy,	Miss Marion Hodge,
Misses Pease,	Miss Lily Marvin,
Misses Salisbury,	Miss Harriet Griffin.

#### The New England Kitchen.

The grand centre of attraction—the mid vortex around which the maelstrom crowd surged and circled—was the New England Kitchen, extemporized in the chamber of the Citizens' Exchange, under the supervision of Mrs. Dr. Lord. The stage never represented a scene more perfect than Mrs. Lord and her busy assistants, with the help of Stanfield's brush, had produced, metamorphosizing it into the completest imaginable semblance of one of the great household kitchens of the olden time, with its contiguous family "keepin' room." That it completely eclipsed the much talked of New England Kitchen of the great Sanitary Commission Fair in New York, three years ago, is the testimony of every one who visited that celebrated institution.

To describe the kitchen and all its details and embellishments is more than we can venture to undertake. The big fireplace, with its swinging crane hung with kettles and pots, its "andirons" and its smouldering back-log, its tongs, shovel and poker, its sauce pans and spiders and multitudinous cooking utensils hung around; the drying "yarbs" and half-husked corn; the festooned strings of pumpkin and apple, pendant from

the ceiling; the spinning wheel in the corner, with "Aunt Stebbins" skilfully busy in making yarn out of the rolls of hand-carded wool at her side; the little stand against the wall, with its looking glass, topped by two crossed peacock feathers and flanked with a dingy needle work "Sampler" and an old, worn, pasted broadsheet of the famous ballad of "The Three Thayers;" the quaint print "picters" here and there upon the wall; the antlered deer skull, the musket and the powder horn hung above the fireplace; the half partitioned 'keepin' room' adjacent; the huge high posted bedstead in its corner, piled to a mountain peak with feathers; the half-withdrawn trundle bed beneath, where four little curly white heads nestled together in a pægoric slumber; the old wooden cradle standing elsewhere—whilom infant resting-place of Dr. John S. Trowbridge; the mantelpiece and the old-fashioned knick-knacks adorning it—we must leave imagination to work upon the bare suggestion of these few among a hundred details, to construct for itself such a picture as made "old folks" who looked in upon it renew their youth.

#### GRANDMOTHER DOOLITTLE AND HER FAMILY.

But let no one for a moment suppose that the "New England Kitchen" represented a mere kitchen of ancient times in the abstract; for this hospitable domicile, which had so many visitors last night, was Grandmother Doolittle's house, and the good granny (Mrs. Lord) her two "darters" Remarkable (Miss Lucy Lord) and Thankful, (Mrs. Ford) and her "darter-in-law" the widow Doolittle, called Mercy, (Mrs. Dan Castle) were all there, very busy in making preparations for the singin' meetin' which was held there last night, and to which all the good singers at the "Corners" had come down, with their singin' books and their candles.

The Doolittle family, as we made their acquaintance last night, is a very interesting one. "You see," said Miss Remarkable, in a confidential strain of conversation, "There's me and Mar and Mercy and Caleb's children—five on 'em—that live here, and Sister Thankful's visitin' on us now. She cum down last night from Boston, where she got married. We've had a purty hard time on it since brother Caleb got killed—yeou know there was a tree fell onto him last winter when he was choppin' wood; and Caleb's wife cum here to live with us—she hadn't nothin' and nowhere else to go, yeou know—and fetched Caleb's children along with her. Yeou see they ain't none on 'em her children, but they're Caleb's by his first wife, and, of course, she don't feel to 'ard 'em as if they was her own—taint natural she should; but she's tried, I guess, to do by 'em as well as she could—ez we we all on us have, in fact. We manage to feed 'em

and keep 'em in clothes, and we give 'em perrygoric to put 'em to sleep purty early, coz we can't have 'em round all the time, and we must get some rest, and 'twouldn't do, yeou know, to have 'em cryin' and makin' a noise tonight when the surgin' meetin's here. There four on 'em over there in the trundle bed.

"Well, yeou see, I'm the only reliance mar's got neow sence Caleb died and Sister Thankful got married. And mar's failin' dreadful fast neow. She don't realize, mar don't, that she's failin', but she is, and I'm the only stay she's got. I couldn't get married, yeou know, no-way, coz I couldn't leave mar. Mercy's good enough in her way, but she ain't like one of mar's own darters. Yeou see that are pieter over there by the mantle-piece—the one on this side, *with its face turned agin the wall*—that's Caleb's first wife. Some women wouldn't a done such a thing, but Mercy's one of that kind."

Undoubtedly we should have had more of Miss Remarkable's interesting conversation, had not some ill-conduct on the part of "Josier" (Master Chester), the promising eldest of the Doolittle quintette, called her attention, and she dashed away to seize the misbehaved urchin by one ear and stand him in a corner.

#### THE SINGIN' MEETIN'.

There was much worry in the Doolittle family on account of the non-arrival of the singers from the "Corners," who ought to have assembled at early candle light, but who were delayed, it seems, by "the sledin' not bein' good, and the ox teams slow." At length, however, about half-past seven o'clock, they made their appearance, and were enthusiastically welcomed by Granny Doolittle and her "darters." The gentlemen of the party, whose modern names we learned to be Burns, Raze, Binneman, and McWhorter, were fearfully and wonderfully gotten up, according to the very latest agonies, we suppose, of fashion in 1867, or there abouts, while the ladies (Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. Sears, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Ives) concealed their faces in the dark depths of the vast coal scuttle bonnets of some mediæval epoch.

Notwithstanding all the preparations made, it was found that the modest kitcken and livin' room of Mrs. Doolittle would not hold the assembled meetin', and an adjournment to the hall of the Tea Party was decided upon. This entirely broke the programme arranged for the latter, which contemplated a number of informal addresses "after tea."

The singers accordingly took their places upon the stage, where their appearance was greeted with loud roars of laughter. The rattle of dishes and the hub-hub of tea table gossip was interrupted, while the crowd pressed forward to listen to the singin'.

By way of prelude, the four ancient choristers

sang "We're a band of brothers from the Corners, cum deown to Mrs. Doolittle's Singin' Meetin'," in a way that would have utterly disgusted the Hutchinson Family, though the audience seemed to be greatly tickled by it. The whole choir then practised "Mount Vernon" very commendably, the Widow Doolittle (Mrs. Castle) performing an accompaniment upon the "harmonica." The Widow was next persuaded to favor the meetin' with that most melancholy and touching ditty which recounts the sad fate of somebody who

"did go

Deown in the meadow for to mow."

and who was bit by "a pesky earpient." The singing of this piece and the accompaniment were altogether inimitable.

Mrs. Merrick afterwards sang "Oh dear, what can the matter be," "Begone dull care" and "The Scotchman's Wallet," which were all loudly applauded. Messrs. Burns and Binneman sang "A Thousand a Year" very finely; the choir gave "Auld Lang Syne" and concluded the meetin' with "The Star Spangled Banner."

#### ADJOURNMENT.

During the entire evening the tables were more or less occupied by late arriving guests, so that the "tea," which began at five o'clock, really did not conclude until the adjournment, and the fair waiters were allowed little rest from their busy labors for a period of more than four hours. The fatigue of all the ladies who bore a part in the affair must have been very great, and such as to tax their powers of endurance almost too severely. Notwithstanding the extraordinary spirit and zest with which all entered into and enjoyed this thoroughly good old fashioned merrymaking, we have no doubt that the workers of the occasion heartily welcomed the arrival of the seasonable hour of nine, which was appointed for the breaking up of the party. And yet everybody seemed to linger, loth to quit the place around which old time memories had woven such a wonderful enchantment. It had been a rare night in the lives of the old—a memorable one in the experience of the young. How many there were of the grand parents and the parents and the children of Buffalo who enjoyed it we dare not make an estimate; but the coming and going throngs from six to nine were crushingly large—indeed, too large for comfort. The Treasury of the Buffalo General Hospital must be promised a rich replenishment from the proceeds of this first night's entertainment, and peculiarly, as well as in every other respect, the Old Settlers' Festival of 1867 has been inaugurated the most successfully by far of any yet held.

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#### GUESTS FROM ABROAD.

The interest of the Festival was much enhanced by the presence of a number of venerable visitors from abroad. Among such we may mention Mrs. Jessie Hawley, formerly a resident of Buffalo, but now, although sixty-seven years of age, laboring as a teacher with the Seneca Indians at St. Catherines, C. W. Another interesting visitor was Mrs. Myron Holley, the relict of the distinguished Canal Commissioner: and, although not from abroad, we cannot forbear making a special note of the presence of the aged Mrs. Capt. Davidson, who bears vigorously the heavy weight of seventy-two years, and of Mrs. Thos. Clinton, who resides at Black Rock in the house of which she became mistress forty-seven years ago.

#### TO-DAY.

At five o'clock this afternoon a supper will be given in the New England Kitchen to the former pupils of ex-President Fillmore and Rev. Dr. Lord. It was in the programme of last evening that these ancient schoolboys should stand up in a spelling class, but owing to the crowd, and very possibly to an unsubdued disposition to truancy on the part of the boys, it was found impossible to get them together.

At precisely half-past six o'clock, the annual meeting of the Historical Society will be held in St. James Hall, when the annual address to the Society will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Lord. At the conclusion of this, some remarks will be addressed by Dr. Lord to the pioneer settlers of Buffalo, for whom the front seats in the hall will be reserved.

At half past seven o'clock, the stage will be given to the ladies for the exhibition of a series of tableaux, which we have good authority for saying will excel in beauty and unique interest anything of the character ever arranged in this city. The idea of these tableaux is an exquisitely novel one. Each will be the illustration of a song or a poem, sung or recited in character. They have been arranged under the direction of M. St. Ody, the prince of tableau artists. The following are the subjects:

Mistletoe Bough—Song.....	by Mrs. Dole
Grand Court Scenes.....	Marie Antoinette
Angel's Whisper—Song.....	by Mrs. Brown
Village School—Song A. B. C.....	by the Children
John Anderson My Joe—Song.....	by Mrs. Dole
Barbara Freitchie—Recitation.....	by Mrs. Rogers
Spanish Scenes—Song.....	by Miss Dobbins
America and Britannia—Atlantic Cable—"Star	
Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen"	
.....	by the audience, &c., standing

## SECOND DAY.

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[From the EXPRESS, Friday, January 25th.]

The brilliant success which we described as attending the opening entertainment of the Old Settlers' Festival, Wednesday evening, bore very much the semblance of failure when brought into comparison with the performances of last night, so tremendously was it eclipsed. Very much to our astonishment, we found that the excited spirit which sparkled all through the festivities of the first occasion was but a dawn—a beginning—a wakening stir of the enthusiasm which yesterday ran through the whole city and infected every body—not less the very youngest settlers, who immigrated from somewhere last week to number themselves among the tenants of the two or three thousand new houses built in Buffalo within the year past, than the very oldest pioneers, living in venerable mansions, from whose chimney tops half a century looks down. Little seemed to be talked of or thought of throughout the day but the Old Settlers' Festival, and it is e'rently rumored that some of the elder operators on 'Change yesterday morning absently responded to offers in a way which indicated their disposition to speculate in doughnuts and hard cider. It is unnecessary to say that extra copies of the EXPRESS, with its elaborate report of the affair, were in heavy demand.

### OLD SCHOOLMATES AT SUPPER.

At five o'clock the supper announced to be given to the former pupils of Ex-president Fillmore, and the Rev. Dr. Lord took place in the New England Kitchen. The following were the persons present who formerly attended the district school taught by Mr. Fillmore at East Aurora in the years 1821-2.

Benthal Granger, now Mrs. Smith,  
Mary E. Johnson, now Mrs. Dr. Lord,  
William Hodge,  
Samuel W. Bowen, East Aurora.  
Nelson Emerson, do.

The old pupils of Dr. Lord who sat down to the table were as follows:

Hannah Joy, now Mrs. Geo. B. Webster,  
Clarissa Joy, now Mrs. John D. Shepard,  
Mary Jane Heacock, now Mrs. Prof. S. M. Hopkins, of Auburn.  
John S. Trowbridge, M. D.  
Jane Vosburgh, now Mrs. Eaton,  
Orsamus H. Marshall, Esq.  
Jas. P. White, M. D.

The tables were arranged in the old fashioned style, and the dishes used were decidedly antique in appearance. The bill of fare embraced a great variety of inviting viands conspicuous among which appeared the time honored "Slapjack," in the centre of the table stood a beautiful vase of flowers bearing the motto "In Memoriam," and designed for a tribute to the dead. A blessing was invoked by Dr. Lord, the company all standing in their places; after which the viands were discussed with a hearty good will. One of Dr. Lord's pupils read the poem on the birth of Caleb Dullittle, which appears elsewhere in the Rev. Doctor's historical address, at the conclusion of the report. Dr. Lord in some graceful remarks, presented to Mrs. Reuben B. Heacock, as the oldest lady present, and as the mother of two among his early pupils, the memorial bouquet that has been mentioned above. Mrs. Heacock returned her acknowledgement through Dr. John S. Trowbridge. We have been furnished with the following list of all the now surviving scholars, so far as can be ascertained, who attended the district school taught by Mr. Fillmore in the years 1821-2:

P. Bowen, East Aurora.  
S. W. Bowen, East Aurora.  
Mary Ann Bowen, now Mrs. G. H. Wilcox, Elmwood, Tuscola Co., Mich.  
Caroline Bowen, now Mrs. Edmunds, Madison, Wis.  
Bartholomew Pratt, East Aurora,  
Harry Person, East Aurora,  
Rhoda Earl, now Mrs. Fowler, East Aurora.  
Julia Walker, now Mrs. Babbens, Willink,  
J. R. Washburn, Wales Centre,  
Orris Warren, now Mrs. Washburn, Red Wing,  
Min.  
Esther Warren, now Mrs. Vanderbilt, Iowa.  
Calista Warren, Iowa.  
Minerva Earl, Niles, Mich.  
Eliza Earl, now Mrs. Harris, Niles, Mich.  
Nelson Emerson, Buffalo.

### AT THE HALL.

The early hour of half past six was announced for the opening of the entertainment at St. James' Hall last evening, but reckless, to all appearance, of supper, and only mindful of the necessity for becoming pioneer settlers upon the seats in the Hall, by squatting preemption, our people began an Eagle street invasion as early as half past five,

and long before the members of the Historical Society moved in procession from their rooms to occupy the chairs reserved for them upon the stage every other place of rest in the house was closely filled. But the audience at this time had only begun to assemble. The inflowing tide was soon at its height. It surged through the aisles and packed them. It leaped to the galleries and they groaned under the weight which mounted them. It broke upon the stage and flooded all the wings. It dashed upon the windows, and they became niches for the exhibition of live statuary. It piled the stairways and capped the railings. It even jetted two fortunate unfortunate individuals to the top of the open doors, where they perched themselves upon a seat more advantageous in point of elevation than it was comfortable as regards the breadth of supporting surface.

And still the outside billows rolled up to the entrance of the Hall and were beaten back. The gentlemen at the ticket office gave notice that no entrance could be gained, but nobody seemed to heed. The infatuated crowd was bound to secure tickets and try its chance. And so the rush, the scramble, the suffocating crush continued. If those who were in did not count themselves less fortunate than those who were out, then the triumph of the entertainment is something marvellous.

Promptly at half-past six o'clock the proceedings were commenced, by the delivery of the Annual Address to the Buffalo Historical Society, by the Rev. Dr. Lord. The address, which we report at length, was one of rare humor and remarkable interest throughout, and excited constant laughter during its delivery. It should be read by all who had not the satisfaction of being listeners.

#### DR. LORD'S ADDRESS.

*Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In their selection of the speaker to-night the Buffalo Historical Society have had in view the annual Festival of the Old Residents of this city, and do not expect from me any learned or elaborate historical discussion. Having been a collector of antiquities long before the society I represent for this time was originated, I have not been so much a contributor to these collections as a rival, in a humble way, for old books and other monuments of the past. But they have this advantage, that Historical Societies are corporations living on through the centuries and gradually absorbing all private collections as their owners pass off the stage. For my own, I desire no other or better eventual destination. I am laboring for them, if not with them, in gathering materials which are to be consigned to their Archives. "Art is long, life is short," an adage of the Latins—*Ars longa Vita brevis*, beautifully rendered by one of our own poets:

"Art is long, but life is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though strong and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

The Historical Society of this city is the natural depository of the relics of the past, and it is to be

hoped that our citizens will remember this in their testamentary dispositions, if not before.

From any formal or lengthy discussion of historical topics, not only does the occasion excuse me, but the exhaustive labors of my predecessors. Who would care to enter upon the early explorations of the region about Lake Erie by the Jesuits and their associates who traversed the wilderness, while the first settlements in New England were yet in their infancy, after the able dissertation of O. H. Marshall? Who would venture upon the early history of Western New York after the elaborate history in which William Ketchum has made us familiar with its Indian tribes, treaties and councils? Of the war of 1812 and the destruction of Buffalo, what remains to be said? The burnings and murders of that time, the flight of the population, the barbarities of the British and their savage allies are as familiar as household words.

And what more can be said in regard to that vexed question—why Buffalo was called "Buffalo" and whether the great bison of the West extending his visits to this locality gave us the name, or whether the multitude of basswood trees found here, described in the Indian tongue by a word resembling our cognomen, came to designate the place of Basswood? If Buffalo means soft timber, we have enough of that yet to fully justify its appropriateness. If it means the hard-headed representative of the Western Prairies, who monopolizes the best pastures and takes possession of every oasis in the Great North American Desert, we have his likeness still and may congratulate ourselves that in either case the name of the Queen City of the Lakes is sufficiently significant of portions of its population.

Besides, the very able and flattering reminiscences of many of our old citizens which have appeared in the papers of the Buffalo Historical Society would prevent my attempting the formal biography of any departed magnate, were it not forbidden by the character of the occasion which calls us together and the general and seasonable expectation of free sketches of the past, in which may be mingled the grave and the gay, as rather suitable for this annual Old Settler's Festival, already assuming the importance of a permanent institution.

I shall go back to the period of my first knowledge of Buffalo, and mainly confine your attention to the year 1825, memorable for the completion of the great Erie Canal, the visit of Lafayette, the dedication of Ararat by Mordecai Mannassah Noah, and the execution of the three Thayers for the murder of John Love. Perhaps the completion of the Erie Canal may be considered the great event of the first half of the Nineteenth Century. It is now almost forgotten that this magnificent undertaking was bitterly opposed by a large party usually dominant in the State, that the city of New York, which it has made the centre of the trade of the New World, was, with a characteristic stupidity, generally hostile to "Clinton's big ditch," as they facetiously termed it, and that nothing but the genius and energy of the great statesman who proposed it, and the completion and use of the long level west of Utica, when unbelievers, who maintained that it would never hold water, were made to see boats afloat, could ever have secured the completion of the greatest work of the age.

Confining your attendance to this memorable year, we have to note the leading men of that time resident in Buffalo, our orators, statesmen and poets, our clergymen, schoolmasters, doctors and lawyers, our beaus, bon-vivants and wits. Perhaps it will be said, "This is rather a grandiloquent catalogue for a Western village in 1825."

But is not every village a world in miniature, and especially such a precocious town as Buffalo, always anticipating its coming greatness, always blowing its horn in the face of mankind, always counting, Chicago fashion, three or four for every two of its population!

The reception of General Lafayette was a great event for Buffalo. The old veteran stood upon a platform in front of the Eagle Tavern, and the crowd assembled from the surrounding country passed him in single file, each person taking him by the hand. The largest battle of the revolution in which he was engaged, could not have resulted in greater fatigue to the old hero than the hand-shaking of that day.

I say the foundation of Ararat laid, not on Grand Island, but in St. Paul's church, with a strange mixture of Hebrew and Christian rites, a curious commingling of Jew and Gentile. There was Mordecai with his Hebrew chorister and ritual dedicating Grand Island as a city of refuge for the scattered people who rejected Christ, and by his side an episcopal rector in full canonicals, uttering a Christian benediction. Ararat came to nothing, and the only memorial of this city of refuge which remains is the corner stone, all there ever was of it, which, owing to the efforts of the Hon. Lewis F. Allen, has been deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society of Buffalo.

Buffalo in 1825 published to the world in general, and particularly a d pugnacious thrust into the face of Black Rock, with whom we waged a deadly war, a census of 24,000 souls. Possibly there may have been a population approximating to two thousand, but the most ambitious, restless, pugnacious, egotist c people in the State of New York, and withal, abounding in men of great enterprise and ability. Surely among such a population our catalogue need not be considered a joke or even an exaggeration, seeing that in little more than fifty years a noble city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, of which these men were the fathers and founders, bears witness today that there were "giants" here in those days—men of renown, who have left their mark for all time on the shores of Lake Erie.

But it may be anxiously inquired, how can you bring your numerous classes within the compass of an address which ought not to exceed thirty or forty minutes? I reply that as one of the standing orations for the Old Folks' Festival, I wish to lay out work for several years for myself and associates, and this address is but an exordium. I do not intend to imitate the example of that long-winded Scotch Prebyterian who, being called on to preach before the Vermont Legislature, stated, after an introduction which occupied an hour, that he should consider the remainder of his subject under nineteen particular heads, upon which intimation his appalled audience rose and left him to discourse to vacant seats. I engage to touch lightly upon a few points, reserving the nineteen parsons for future anniversaries and other orators, who cannot fail to be grateful for the large and exhaustless field I have opened up before them.

It will not be deemed inappropriate to commence with our Pedagogues. The "schoolmaster was abroad" in Buffalo in 1825, and in the school work of that year I may say with Enes, "*Magna pars sui.*" The two teachers best known to myself were Millard Fillmore and John C. Lord. Mr. Fillmore's work in this interesting field had ceased before mine began; but knowing many of his pupils, and being particularly interested in one of them, I consider myself at liberty to refer to his labors as a teacher of the young idea.

Mr. Fillmore was engaged in this vocation at the

Cold Spring, near Buffalo, and also in the village proper in the old Mullett house, then standing near the corner of Main and Genesee streets. He "boarded round," at least a part of the time, and was "well thought of." Indeed he was considered so "likely a young man" among the old folks that it was suggested by some that he would yet come to be a Justice of the Peace, while others did not think the Assembly Chamber of Albany beyond the reach of his endeavors.

I cannot of my knowledge speak of his success, in general, as a teacher; but having had one of his pupils, a daughter of the late Dr. Ebenezer Johnson, afterward under my care, under special covenants to honor and obey, I have been led to believe that Mr. Fillmore's discipline was not what it should have been.

Yet his same village school master succeeded in after life in the government of a great nation, who elected him a sage one President and successful Chief Magistrate, of which it can only be said that he is not the first of the notable rulers of men who was yet unable to govern a woman. One proof I can produce of the intellectual progress of his pupils is the poetic effusion of one of his scholars, which, if unequal to Gray's Elegy, is sufficiently striking and unique to deserve a record in the Historical Society of Buffalo. This poem details the fate of a young man suddenly cut off in the prime of life, who was probably one of the boys who enjoyed the instructions of our distinguished townsmen.

This brilliant effusion is "owned to" by one of Mr. Fillmore's pupils, and presented to the singing meeting in the New England Kitchen, where it has been read with great approbation. Here it is:

#### LINES ON THE DREADFUL DEATH OF CALF DULITEL, WHO RECENTLY CAME TO THIS SETTLEMENT FROM V'RMONT.

One Caleb Dulittle was his name,  
Who lately to this village came,  
Residing in his brother Deemes,  
Last Friday noon went out, it seems,

To cut sum timber for a sled.  
The sno being deep, he had to wade  
Full 40 rod to a ash tree,  
The top being dry, as you may see.

Our Caleb swung his ax on hi,  
And thro the air he let it fl;  
His work he that was nearly done,  
For it was now n set of sun.

The tree was holler at the ear,  
And when it come a tumblin ore  
It hit poor Cale upon the bed,  
And he was tookin up for dead.

REMARKABLE was sore distrest,  
While THANKFUL she wept in his brest,  
No tongue can tell how MENCHY felt  
While on his shokin deth she dwelt.

Oh cruel fate, thou was unkind  
To take o'er Cale and leave us blnd,  
For Caleb was our rite han man,  
And worker of our good farm land.

And when that tre it killed him dead,  
It knock'd our prospliks in the bed,  
And laid him in the church yrd bed,  
While on his body worms is fed.

Now skollars, all a warnin take,  
How Caleb Dulittle met his fate,  
And when you have a sled to make,  
Dont let a tre fall on your pate.

Of the merits of John C. Lord as schoolmaster, and of his select school, which was located in one of the Old Court House rooms, in the winter of 1825-'26, I am too modest to speak. We had a liberal range of study, from Webster's Spelling book up to the French and Roman classics, but as several of our professional and literary notables, such as Doct. White and O. H. Marshall, Esq., were among the pupils, it may be hoped that "Papers" on this interesting topic may yet be read before their Historical Society.

I shall only refer to an extract from a New Year's Poem published on the first of January, 1826, in the *Buffalo Journal*, of which David N. Day was the publisher, which poetic effusion, of my positive knowledge, came out of that school room, and I shall quote only what relates to the affair of 1825 and its remarkable events:

\* \* \* \* \*

### VII.

Let despots mock the joy with which we meet  
Upon our shores our father's friend and son,  
And greeted him—the gallant La Fayette.  
Dare they insult the flag that bore him home?  
No! Europe never will again forget  
The due respect and proper courtesy  
Columbia's Banner claims upon the sea.

### VIII.

My Muse wants breathing, she is too sublime  
For modern ears; 'twere well to take good care  
Lest critics ridicule her lofty rhyme—  
Which would indeed be a most sad affair.  
We'll lower our strain then, and devote a line  
To home concerns. 'Tis said that Buffalo  
Is soon to be a city, and I know—

### IX.

No reason why she should not. The foundation  
Of Ararat we lately helped to fix,  
And have had other publick celebrations,  
(According to my note book sixty-six.)  
And have a right to make our calculations  
On future greatness. There is something pretty  
And quite harmonious in the name of "city"

### X.

The year hath been to us a Jubilee.  
A year of great rejoicing; we have seen  
Lake Erie's waters moving to the sea  
On their own element. The bark I deem  
Which bore our gift, more famous yet shall be,  
Than that proud ship in which to ancient Greece  
The intrepid Jason bore the Golden Fleece.

### XI.

Yet boast we not of mighty labors done  
In our own strength or wisdom; we would bless  
His sacred name in morning orison  
Who stamped his footstep on the wilderness,  
And towns and cities rose,—the bu-yum  
Of con-regated man, where erst he viewed  
One dark and boundless solitude.

### XII.

And the white sail now glistens on the Lake,  
Where late the Indian in his bark canoe,  
Bursting from some low marsh or tangled brake,  
Shot forth upon the waters joyously,  
Perchance his annual hunting tour to make,  
Where since the cultivated field, I ween,  
That savage mariner himself hath seen.

I dare not compare this poem with that intimitable effusion of Mr. Fillmore's pupil; and outside of their respective merits there are two reasons for my forbearance. One is, that my competitor is a lady, and the second is, that the aforesaid lady has

it in her power greatly to annoy me if I should be so unfortunate as to awaken her indignation. Let her wear the laurel crown, so there be domestic tranquility—peace at the hearth.

While on the subject of poetry, that remarkable ballad on the murder of John Love which appeared in the same year ought not to be omitted. It should be preserved, like a fly in amber, in the archives of the Buffalo Historical Society. Whether it was the production of any of the pupils who attended the schools before referred to I cannot say. It has been claimed by the town of Boston, but I think it belongs to Buffalo. As the cities of Greece contended for the birth place of Homer, so it may hereafter happen to Boston and Buffalo to contend for the honor of the nativity of the immortal poet who sang the dreadful fate of John Love and the crime of the three Thayers, who were executed in this city, June 17, 1825. I have had surmises that one of my own pupils might possibly have been the author of this lamentable ballad, but I will not press the claim, as my friend Fillmore may contend with justice that this mournful ditty was quite as likely to have issued from his school as mine. I send it as a reminiscence of the year 1825, and for the purpose of putting it upon record in the Historical Society.

### THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD ON THE MURDER OF JOHN LOVE BY THE THREE THAYERS.

In England several years ago  
the sun was pleasant fair and gay  
John Love on board of a ship he entered  
and said un to a merica

Love was a man very perceiving  
in making trades with all he see  
he soon engaged to be a sailor  
to sail up and down on Lake Eri.

he then went into the Southern countries,  
to trade for furs and other skins  
but the cruel French and savag Indians  
came very near of killing him.

But God did spare him a little longer  
he gave his lodging and came down the lake  
he went into the town of boston  
Where he made the great mistake.

With Nelson Thayer he made his station  
thru the summer for to stay  
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Israel  
love lent them money for thare debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money  
he did befriend them every way  
but the cruel cretires tha couldent be quiet  
till they had taken his sweet life away

One day as they were all three together  
this dreadful murder tha did contrive  
tha agreed to kill Love and keep it secret  
and then to live and spend thare lives.

On the fifteenth evening of last december  
in eighteen hundred and twenty four  
they invited Love to go home with them  
and tha killed and murded him on the floor

First Isaac with his gun he shot him  
he left his gun and run away  
then nelson with his ax he chopt him  
till he had no life that he could perceive

After tha had killed and mortly bruised him  
tha drawd him out whare tha killed thare hogs  
tha then carried him of a pease from the house  
and deposited him down by a log.

The next day tha ware so very bold  
tha had loves horses rid'ng round  
some asked the reason of loves being absent  
tha said he had cler'd and left the town

tha said he had forgd in the town of Eri  
the sherif was in pursuit of him  
He left the place and ran awa  
and left his debts to collect by them

tha went and forgd a power of turney  
to collect loves notes when they ware due  
tha tore and stormd to git thare pay  
and sevrl nabors they did sue

After they had runn to a high degree  
in killing love and forgery  
tha soon were taken and put in prison  
whare tha remained for thare cruelty

Tha were bound in irons in the dark dungon  
for to remain for a little time  
tha ware all condamnd by the grand jury  
for this most loul and dreadful crime

Then the Judge pronounced thare dreadal  
sentence  
with grte candidess to behold  
you must be hanged until your ded  
and lord have mursey on your sols.

Bnt enough has been said of the poets and poetry  
of Buffalo, in 1825. I shall defer the pathetic  
narrative of the shipwreck of the canal boat Madona  
to a future occasio i.

Passing from these light topics, will not the audience accept a graver theme, in brief sketc es, of the clergymen of Buffalo, in the year of our Lord 1825, of whom it may be truly said that they would lose nothing by comparison with their successors in 1867. The leading denominations were represented here in 1825, each by a single church. The first regularly settled clergymen was the Rev. Miles P. Squire, in the First Presbyterian Congregation. He was an educated man, not without good points, but with an overweening self-appreciation, which, while it gave offence to some, was to the major part of his acquaintance a source of amusement. He could not have exhibited a greater dignity of deportment had he been Bishop of Rome or Czar of all the Russias, and resembled the man described by Coleridge who always took off his hat when he spoke of himself. He would have shaken hands with Andrew Jackson or George the Fourth, with the patronizing and condescending air of one conferring a great favor. In the latter years of his life he wrote a book on the "Origin of Evil," in which, I have no doubt, he imagined he had mastered this intricate subject, untied the gordian knot in theology, and left nothing further to be said or desired on the topic. He was a worthy man and a sincere Christian, notwithstanding his eccentricities, and is remembered with affection by some old residents. The successor of Mr. Squire was the Rev. Gilbert Crawford. I became acquainted with him and attended his services in 1825. He was a Scotchman, and had had the advantage of the admirable training of the time honored and witness-bearing church of his fathers. Though tenacious of the five points of Calvinism and in the beginning of his ministry inclined to limit the entrance to the way of life to Presbyterians of the bluest cast, yet with time and experience he became tolerant and Catholic in his judgments of those who "cast out devils" under other symbols than the Assembly's Catechism. Mr. Crawford was one of the ablest preachers ever settled in

Western New York. He was of a more ardent nature than is usual with his countrymen, and was at times a model of pulpit eloquence, moving all hearts with his vehement and passionate oratory.

Though Gilbert Crawford has long rested from his labors, yet his memory is green in the hearts of multitudes in Western New York who have been made the wiser and the better for his ministry.

With the Rev. Mr. Searle, Rector of St. Paul's, I next made acquaintance. He was the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, who has been settled here for a longer period than any other clergyman, and who enjoys a large measure of the esteem and affection of our community, irrespective of denominational boundaries.

Mr. Searle was a finished gentleman in manners, and was said to be of somewhat convivial tastes. He was highly and deservedly esteemed. My impression is that he was the highest kind of a High Churchman, holding the Kingdom of Heaven to be a close corporation in the Episcopal Church, and looking upon those without her pale, as the "celestial" regard all people not inhabiting the "Flowery Kingdom," as outside barbarians.

Of Diocesan Bishops, we knew little in these primitive days. I do not remember to have seen Bishop Hobart, the Episcopal Bishop of New York, at this time. I well recollect, however, an introduction to Bishop Dubois, the Roman Catholic Prelate of this State, in 1825. He was made known to me by Mr. LeConteulx, an old and worthy citizen, whose memory should long since have been honored by a Paper read before our Historical Society. Bishop Dubois was the most polite of Frenchmen, and seemed amazed at his own hardihood in venturing so far beyond the pale of civilization, feeling, like the traveled Turk, that he had, in his visit to Buffalo, reached the "Wall of the World."

My recollection is that the only Roman Catholic Priest here in 1825 was Father Pax, a German, who ministered in a very humble edifice then standing upon the present site of St. Louis Cathedral. He was esteemed a worthy man, but a severe disciplinarian, for though his name was Peace, his practice was occasionally belligerent—the old gentle man freely applying his cane to the shoulders of refractory parishioners.

The Baptist Church of this city has never enjoyed the labors of a more eloquent divine than the Rev. Mr. Handy, who, in 1825, held forth the word of life in Buffalo. He abhorred as one standing by the grave's mouth, with his eye fixed upon the heavenly city he was soon to enter.

How well I remember his youthful and intellectual countenance, upon which the shadows of death were falling, his earnest and eloquent appeals, his affectionate manner, his hectic cough, marking him for the grave where he was early borne by a weeping community. Many were attracted to his ministry outside the Baptist communion, for while a sincere immersionist he was a Catholic christian, who held the essential doctrines of the gospel far above all denominational shibboleths.

There remains but the Methodist Episcopal communion which, if I mistake not, was served in 1825 by the Rev. Gleason Fillmore, an able and faithful minister of the New Testament, whose praise is in all the churches and who yet survives, the venerable and venerated relic of a past age. In conclusion let me say that the Historical Society of this city has among other objects the main design to preserve all records of the early history of Buffalo and all the reminiscences of its pioneer population. They are fast passing away. Every year

their numbers are diminishing and we have evidence to-night that only a few venerable fathers and mothers survive of those who encountered the perils of the wilderness, and who suffered the loss of the fruits of their industry in the burning of Buffalo. They remind us by their presence of what they have done and suffered in laying the foundation of this populous, wealthy and beautiful city. What amazing changes have these aged men and women seen, changes in a lifetime which ordinarily require centuries in their accomplishment. What contrasts must be apparent to them as they look back to the period when Buffalo was an insignificant hamlet, fringed with impervious forest on one hand, and the solitary waters of our great inland sea on the other; the mournful sighing of the winds in the tree tops and the solemn surging of the stormy waves, deep calling unto deep, only broken by the whoops of the savages who came to gaze upon the white men who had invaded their solitude. With what anxious foreboding did the young mother clasp her babe to her bosom as the red warriors looked curiously into her cabin, knowing that neither age nor sex were spared by them when out upon the war path. Could that fair girl or her youthful husband, in their most vivid imaginations, have conceived it possible that they should live to see such a city as this, with a harbor whitened with the sails of many populous States and a commerce more important than that of the entire seaboard in the year 1880? Like a dream when one awakes must these changes seem to the venerable survivors who saw Buffalo in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Separated from the East, the supplies of the early settlers were forwarded slowly by dangerous and uncertain routes; they were deprived of the ordinary appliances of civilization, dwelling apart from their brethren. They now hear the sounds of commerce on an artificial river connecting this city with the ocean and the world, and the solitudes, which were once broken only by the hoot of the owl or the melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will, are now resonant with the rush of commerce and the shouts of the mariners. They fled, more than half a century ago, from their burning habitations, pursued by a merciless foe; they saw the results of all their toil dissipated in a conflagration from which it seemed that Buffalo could never recover; they have since seen her rise from her ashes like the fabled Phoenix, and on her banner the exultant motto of the Empire state, of which she is the second city in commercial rank, "Excelsior."

Recovering from the momentary panic, the people of Buffalo, with the indomitable energy which was a marked characteristic of our pioneer population, returned, not to sit down among the ashes of their houses and their goods, but to rebuild and restore, to lay anew its foundations, to repeat the trials and self denial of years, the fruits of which were destroyed in an hour, to commence their labors a second time in a solitude as profound as that they invaded when they first erected their cabins on the shores of Erie.

Survivors of those who have borne the burthen and heat of the day, we welcome you to these festivities commemorative of your trials and labors, and especially of your triumph. Behold the city which you and yours have built—this audience, in which is represented so much intelligence, character and wealth, so much youth and beauty—which, but for you, could never have met to make this Hall vocal with their congratulations. The Historical Society of Buffalo welcome you, and promise before this vast audience that your names and your deeds shall not perish from among men; that

future generations shall know from their archives the privations and sufferings of that enterprising band, who first camped under the "grand old trees" bordering the solitary waters now ploughed by a thousand keels, who under the arches of that primitive forest, or in their rude log cabins, offered prayer and praise to Him who had been a wall about them in all their perilous journey, and to whom they looked for protection from the dangers they must yet encounter.

We welcome the living. We honor the dead. We implore for these survivors the divine benediction and the good hope of another and better life.

Over the dead of two wars, separated by more than half a century, some of you have been called to mourn; the associates of your youth, the friends who labored by your side, have for the most part passed into the unseen world, yet you have not labored or suffered in vain. You behold the result of your toils to-day, and beyond this, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Why should you count the sufferings of this time worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed?

Wayworn and aged friends, may we not apply to you the pathetic words of a poet:

"My feet are worn and weary with the march,  
On the rough road and up the steep hill-side,  
Oh city of our God, I fain would see  
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,  
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,  
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,  
Spotless and white in Heaven's unclonded ray.

Patience, poor soul, the Savior's feet were worn,  
The Savior's heart and hands were weary too.  
His garments travel stained and worn and old,  
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,  
Toil on and wait, in patience for thy rest;  
Oh city of our God, we soon shall see  
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest."

#### THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

After an overture by the band, Mrs. T. D. Dole was led forward and sang the "Mistletoe Bough" with much sweetness and feeling, and retired amid great applause, when the series of tableaux opened with the bridal party assembled in the baron's lordly hall at the merrie Christmas time. The graceful and statuesque attitudes of the party, dressed in the magnificent costumes of the period, presented a most imposing appearance, and had a marked effect upon the spectators. In the next scene the lovely bride was seen in her playful wilfulness, seeking a hiding place from the search of her youthful lord, bending over the oaken chest that offered so tempting an opportunity for concealment. She is next viewed with the lid raised, preparing to carry her scheme into effect, while the concluding tableau presented the now aged bride-groom kneeling with hands clasped in agony, gazing with mute despair upon the skeleton form of his fair young bride, now exposed to view in her living tomb in the old oak chest. Nothing could exceed the skilful grouping and tasteful imperson-

ation of the characters of the tableau, Mr. L. G. Sellstedt sustaining the part of the Baron, Mrs. C. J. Wells the Baronesa, Miss Dobbins the Bride, and Mr. Edward Marvin the Bridegroom. The high born lords and ladies were admirably represented by Miss Kate Pratt, Mr. E. W. Seymour, Mr. Charles Marvin, Miss Schoolcraft, Mr. C. Horton, Miss Miller, Miss Howland, Mrs. Tilden, Mrs. Sellstedt, Mr. A. Barnard and Mr. W. Laverack.

#### THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Mrs. W. O. Brown, Jr., succeeded and sang in a beautiful manner the song which was to be portrayed. The applause of the audience failed to secure a repetition, and the picture in a moment rose before the spectators disclosing the singer kneeling beside the cradle of a child, while around and above floated the angels whose voices heard in dreams were wreathing his lips in smiles. The various characters were represented by Misses N. Loomis, Jennie Titus, Annie Dorr, Joey Bird, Lucy Hopkins, J. Hayden, Mary McKnight, Hattie Manchester, and Mary Houghton.

#### A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

A graphic idea of the pranks which mice will play when the cat's away was conveyed in the tableau entitled "A Village School." The venerable matron, in whom few of the audience recognized Mr. Henry Bull, dozed peacefully on her cane seat throne, only annoyed by a straw in the hands of a mischievous urchin. On all sides were shown such scenes as many of our readers can produce from their own boyish experience. Confusion reigned supreme.

Suddenly the teacher awakes, and by a process unexplained by any ordinary laws of motion, every pupil was in his seat and deeply absorbed in study. One only is too far from his base to retreat in good order, and is caught, straw in hand, by the incignant school ma'am, who proceeds amid the jeers of his schoolmates to inflict the punishment he so richly deserves.

The boys and girls of the school room were represented by Misses Grace Titus, Ida Sawyer, Lillie Pratt, Anna Dorr, Gracie Prince, Libbie Wells, Bessie Bird and Minnie Atwater, Carrie Tilden; and Masters Clifton, Willie Miller, Georgie Elder, Geo. Steele, Willie Sawyer and Frank Howard.

#### BARBARA FRITZIE.

This was a representation of the brave Union woman, who, during a raid made by the forces of Stonewall Jackson into Frederick, Maryland, hoisted the National flag at her residence. It was shot down by the Confederate soldiers, when she took it in her hands and held it out of an open window, an act which so amazed some of the marauders that they were upon the point of shooting her, when the General interfered and saved her life, allowing her to keep the flag.

Barbara, standing in the centre, was portrayed by Miss Hattie Manchester. The Confederate soldiers were Messrs. A. Barnard, Geo. Laverack, C. Marvin, L. Barnard, H. Bull, W. Seymour, E. Ketchum; and the villagers Miss Mary Houghton, Miss Alice Warren, and several others, whose names we did not ascertain.

#### SPANISH FESTA.

This was a most pleasing and effective group, peculiarly characteristic of the Spanish national taste. In the rich and graceful costume of Castile, with guitar, castanet and tambourin in play, still and motionless as if sculptured in marble, appeared a party of the gallant cavaliers and lovely dames of Spain, in the varied postures of the bolero, while in the next scene the same parties were seen reclining in the most varied and picturesque positions, after the exciting exercise. This tableau was preceded by a song characteristic of the scene, very sweetly and artistically given by Miss Dobbins.

The ladies and cavaliers of this group were well sustained by Mrs. W. A. Bird, Jr., Mrs. W. O. Brown, Jr., Miss Germain, Mrs. Dobbins, Miss Seymour, Miss Dobbins, Miss Mann, Miss Grosvenor, Miss McKnight, Miss Evans, Miss J. Wells, Miss Granger, Miss J. Johnson, Miss Howell, Miss Greenman, Messrs. W. Seymour, C. Horton, T. Avery, E. C. Hamilton, F. R. Brayton, E. Marvin, E. Fiske and G. Laverack.

#### "JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."

A picture touching in its simplicity and suggestive of mournful memories was presented by Captain Dobbins and Mrs. T. Dole, who, in antique costume, portrayed the venerable couple whose story has gained the rank of a gray tradition.

Of the song, as rendered by Mrs. Dole, it is hardly necessary to speak, for no one in the vast audience failed to appreciate its exquisite pathos. As the singer's voice died away in rich cadences, a storm of applause burst from the listeners, who refused to be satisfied with less than a partial repetition.

#### GRAND COURT SCENE.

This was a magnificent tableau, representing the graceful forms and splendid costumes of the brilliant Court of Louis XVI. In the foreground in a rich robe of green silk, with a blazing girdle and front of diamonds and rubies, the royal empress falling gracefully over her shoulders, appeared the commanding form of the lovely, the imprudent, and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. A knightly cavalier, with plumed hat on the ground beside him, knelt at the feet of his royal mistress, while the fair dams and lordly courtiers in attendance, with powdered hair, and dressed in the quaint but rich and becoming style of the period,

were disposed in the most picturesque grouping around the central sun of their divinity.

The Queen was most admirably represented by Mrs. G. A. Prince, and the ladies of the Court by Mrs. Dr. Trowbridge, Mrs. W. M. Kasson, Mrs. G. J. Williams, Mrs. W. A. Bird, Jr., Mrs. W. F. Miller, Miss Kate Pratt, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Mary Evans, Miss Lillie Slade, Miss Marvin, Miss Kittle Germania, and Miss Addie White.

#### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The last tableau of the evening was then announced by Mr. O. G. Steele, who returned thanks to all Buffalo, because, as he remarked, all Buffalo was present, for the liberal support of the public.

A short delay, and the scene opened, disclosing a beautiful picture on the right.

Mrs. E. G. Spaulding, in a robe which was a triumph of the costumer's art, represented the Genius of America. The national colors were blended with exquisite effect.

On the left, stood Mrs. O. G. Steele, in the character of Britannia. She wore a coat of gold scale

armour, with tunic, and on her head a helmet and plume. In her hand she grasped the "red ensign" of England. The design was exceedingly tasteful and the details were carried to almost absolute perfection.

The stage was set to represent a broad expanse of ocean waves, breaking on the American side against a rocky coast. From shore to shore stretches the cable, supported by emerald-clad sea nymphs, the counterfeit presentment of whom was borne by Misses Annie Davis, Gracie Prince, Emmie Randall, Abbie Randall, Carrie Tilden, Annie Dorr, Hattie Stone, Libbie Welles and Miss Hayden.

Commerce and Industry, the patron goddesses of the great wire, were portrayed by Misses Manchester, Pease, Howard and Allen.

Above all, suspended in mid air, floated the graceful figure of fleeting but sought-for Fame (Miss Mary Davis), whose trumpet seemed sounding the praises of those whose cunning hands and unweared perseverance had wrought this crowning glory of the nineteenth century.

## THIRD DAY.

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[From the EXPRESS, Saturday, January 26th.]

The storm of popular enthusiasm which has been aroused by the Old Folks' Festival seems to know no abatement, and, as on the preceding evenings, "early candle light" yesterday found the tide again setting strongly toward St. James Hall.

Long before the doors opened multitudes had gathered with the hope that by early attendance they might be enabled to gain positions whence they could look upon the festivities of the evening. At last the hour arrived; a rush, a struggle and the galleries were filled as if by magic, while the fringes of the vast throng attached themselves to the open spaces which had been left in railing off a place for the dancers.

Soon after came those who were to take more prominent parts in this third act of the Festival, and from the tiring rooms there issued a motley throng arranged in the costumes of every period since the days of Elizabeth. Indeed, it may be questioned whether some had not obtained the idea of their dress from the Assyrian sculptures or a fashion plate of the reign of Antoninus.

#### THE STAGE.

The stage formed a brilliant and animated picture in the scene. It had been fitted with seats rising as they receded toward the back, and, all these seats being closely filled, for the most part with ladies and elderly gentlemen, the mass view of beautiful faces and noble heads, thrown into fine relief by the varied coloring of rich toilets, the broad background of stars and stripes and the deep crimson of the surrounding drapery, was very imposing indeed. The effect of this still picture behind the gaily shifting kaleidoscope which the dancers formed upon the floor is not easily to be conveyed by any description.

#### BEHIND THE RAIL.

The space upon the floor made clear for dancing was as little circumscribed as possible, with due regard to the accommodation of visitors who came to witness and not to participate in the ball. Its boundaries were fixed by a low, stout railing erected upon a circle very nearly coinciding with the front of the galleries. Behind

this rail were placed two or three rows of seats, where those ladies, fortunately early enough to secure them, were enabled to enjoy a comfortable view of the floor. A considerable space left open in the rear of the sets was thronged through all the early hours of the evening with a crowd of standing, or rather moving, spectators, who came, tired, went, and gave place to fresh comers again.

The same shifting crowd filled the galleries, which were too heated with the hot atmosphere from below to be endured for any great length of time, although the gayety of the scene from their birds-eye elevation was exceedingly attractive. The stairways were all appropriated for sitting, except the narrowest possible lane, to be dexterously threaded between dangerous traps and gins of the crinoline device.

#### THE MUSIC

performed by Miller's Band, was too brilliantly rendered, perhaps, to be altogether in harmony with the fiction of an old time ball in the early days of Buffalo, when, if our history is not at fault, the honest villagers were happy to receive their measures from a fiddle or two, or three, and a bass viol or a flute. As the young settlers, however, so sanctily monopolized the occasion, the music was entirely to their liking.

The band occupied a platform raised at the front of one of the boxes by the stage.

#### YOUNG SETTLERS.

It must be confessed, however, that the "old settlers" did not do the largest part of the dancing, their places being filled by the younger inhabitants of the city, who performed the mysterious evolutions of ancient cotillions with a zest which did infinite credit to their knowledge of the customs of the remote past. By general consent the idea appeared to obtain that this feature of the festival was to be given to the charge of the youngsters. If the old folks have done well their part in the week's sport, certainly the others have shown no less enthusiasm and felt no less keenly the exhilaration of the affair. As it seems settled that the Old Folks' Festival is to be the annual carnival of the city, it was wise policy which dictated that all ages should be brought within the circle, and made to assist in carrying out the fun.

#### DANCING.

Promptly at the sound of the music the floor was thronged with couples who ranged themselves for the "Monie Musk." A few words of explanation from the leader for the benefit of those whose ill-luck had caused them to be born some years after the death of Sir Roger de Coverly, and all hands devoted themselves to a rivalry with the handful of venerable citizens who were treading measures of

infinite grace in a little *coterie* which had been organized in one end of the hall. As impartial historians we are compelled to add that the youngsters failed lamentably in this as in most of the dances of the evening. There was an evident air of imitation about their work and it was unsuccessful as most imitations are.

Practice will perhaps make them perfect, and when twenty years hence they shall take the place of the old settlers of to-day, they will probably execute "Speed the Plough" as gracefully as they now do the Galop or the Redowa.

#### THE BAND.

Miller's Quadrille Band well sustained its merited reputation, and discoursed most eloquent music upon the occasion under the able guidance of its leader, Mr. Adam Miller.

Among the pieces played during the evening were the:

Bonquet Quadrille.....	Strauss.
Gnard Waltz.....	_____
Fest Quadrille.....	Strauss.
Viv a-vis.....	C. Faust.
Un ballo in Maschera.....	_____
Quadrille.....	Strauss.
Faust Quadrille.....	Strauss.
Orpheus Quadrille.....	Strauss.

Captain Cotton discharged most admirably the duties of general manager and director of the proceedings of the evening, and to Mr. H. B. Maynard, the greatest credit is due for the assistance he rendered the dancers as prompter on the occasion.

#### HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

"While the cat's away the mice will play" is a truism universally acknowledged, and Mrs. Doolittle's usually well-ordered kitchen was no exception to the general rule.

"Josier," as usual, was the occasion of all the trouble and all the fun. That good-for-nothing young scape-grace had stealthily absconded, and without a ticket had edged in unperceived among the crowd, who were pouring into the grand City Ball. This coming to the old lady's ears, she immediately set off in search of the delinquent, determined at all hazards to rescue him from the imminent danger to which he had exposed himself. No sooner had she left, than the floor was cleared of every thing except the old spinning wheel in the corner, and Charlie Adams, son of Abram Adams, one of the oldest settlers, mounted on a chair, placed on the table, and with his back against the wall, completely hiding the little looking-glass, with the crossed peacock's feathers projecting beyond each shon'der, struck up, merrily on his fiddle, "Strip the Willow" and the "Irish Washerwoman," while old fashioned "French Fours" and eight handed reels, reigned

supreme. In the meantime the old lady returned with the truant "Josier," in her custody, and whether from an unusual feeling of good humor, arising from her success, or certain pleasant reminiscences of her own youthful days, certain it

is, she raised no objections on the occasion, and fiddling and dancing went on as merrily as ever.

We have great pleasure in stating that the receipts of the evening will amount to something between eight and nine hundred dollars.

## FOURTH DAY.

[From the EXPRESS, Monday, January 28th.]

The Old Settlers' Festival closed Saturday evening with the Concert, which, as in former years, was one of the most characteristic features of this unique affair. St. James Hall was again densely crowded, every seat being occupied and many being obliged to stand. In fact, the audience was only exceeded by that which was called together by the Tableaux, and hundreds were doubtless deterred from attending by the storm which was raging.

Of the pecuniary results of the Festival it is impossible to speak with exactness at present, but the amount received will not be far from four thousand dollars, and will probably be more than this. All who have been in any way connected with the affair deserve the greatest credit for the success they have achieved, and their successors will have to toil hard in coming years to eclipse the glories of the Festival of 1867.

It may not be improper here to do justice to one, Mr. John Mason, who performed a large part of the fitting up of the New-England Kitchen, and whose name has not been mentioned in connection with that *chef d'œuvre*.

### THE CONCERT.

The stage was crowded with the members of the different Church Choirs, assisted by the bulk of the musical ability of the city.

The first piece given was the time-honored "Auld Lang Syne," which was warmly welcomed, numbers of the audience joining in the refrain.

Next followed in order:

*Leonard*—Hallelujah metre.

*Sherburne*—Common metre. (While shepherds watched their flocks by night) The performance of this hymn was much applauded.

*Concord*—Short metre.

*Canterbury*, (new)—Short metre.

*China*—This piece elicited the marked approbation of the audience.

Delight—Hallelujah metre.

*Majesty*—Common metre. A beautiful air, and deservedly encored.

*Exultation*—Long metre. The gem of the sacred pieces.

At this point of the proceedings the Hon. L. F. Allen came forward and announced that, although the "old settlers" considered their own part of the programme the best, yet they would allow the young folks to contribute their share towards the amusements of the evening. The next piece would be a quartette by the "Village Glee Club." Accordingly Messrs. Burns, Taunt and other two gentlemen, being introduced to the audience, gave the "Sunbeams are Playing" in a style that elicited the most enthusiastic applause and most unmistakable encore. They then sang the beautiful glee, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," which, if possible, drew out a warmer burst of admiration than its predecessor, and another encore followed. It was vain to resist—the "gods" were not to be appeased without a further sacrifice, and succeeded in obtaining an other pleasing solo and chorus, "Carrie Lee," from the good-natured members of the club.

The Hon. L. F. Allen then came forward and stated that as the singers were somewhat fatigued they would take a short rest. He then said that probably but a small portion of the audience could recollect the time when that style of sacred music was practiced. It was practiced in New England and the eastern part of New York until about the year 1820. At the time of the Reformation, which occurred during the reign of Henry VIII in the sixteenth century, the music was mostly of the Catholic order, which was then the prevailing religion. It was highly artistic in character, being performed by professional singers accompanied by the organ in the churches. After the Reformation there was a general disposition among the Puritans

to renounce all Catholic usages and that style of music was discarded entirely, and they adopted the old fashioned dull tunes of that day. No progress was made in church music until about a hundred years ago. This kind of music was first invented (if I may so use the term) and practiced in the New England meeting houses, together with the heavy selections of the old composers. I recollect perfectly well the old fashioned meeting houses in New England fifty years ago. The young people of the town or village who had any ear or voice for music joined the choir, attended the singing school, going sometimes four or five miles. Generally some aged man in the parish was invited to be the teacher. They would often go to a neighboring parish and have what might be called a singing match, and see which could sing the best, and sometimes it would be found necessary to draw lots to decide which was victorious. During the Sunday service the choir was scattered all around the gallery. I have seen as many as a hundred young people on one side and the other, and they made as beautiful an appearance as our young people have here to-night (applause). Our grandmothers were charming when young, fresh, full of buoyancy and spirit. Ministers attended these singing schools of the churches, appearing in a grave and solemn manner. The utmost decorum was preserved as long as the minister remained, but when he went away—(laughter). Mr. A. here gave a description of the minister, with his long queue and sombre necktie. Our meeting-house stood upon the village green, in front of which was the whipping post and a pair of stocks. Massachusetts was the home of the Puritans who were so fond of liberty, but they would not let anybody else enjoy it, and drove Roger Williams the Baptist into Rhode Island, where no rigorous laws were enacted. They had the Seven Day Baptists, some few Methodists, and a great many who did not keep any day in the week. The Seven Day Baptists did not keep Sunday, and, somehow or other, they always worked on Saturday. A story was related about a Rhode Islander who was caught traveling in Massachusetts on Sunday. He complained that they once made him take off his hat to a whipping post. "No doubt of that," said a bystander, "you had to do that to get your shirt off."

In 1816, Warren Hastings went through New England, and through various influences prevailed upon many congregations to do away with the ancient music, which you have heard to-night. The tunes have been preserved in the "Ancient Harmony," and are now being practiced in private concerts, festivals, &c. We trust that you are pleased with them, and if we have given pleasure to you we shall be very happy. (Applause.)

Mr. O. G. Steele then arose and said "It is

customary to appoint a committee for next year. This institution has become a perpetual one, I hope—and I move that a committee of five gentlemen be appointed by the Chairman to call a meeting and organize for next year. Carried.

The Chairman, Capt. L. H. Cotton, appointed as such committee Messrs. Orlando Allen, O. G. Steele, D. P. Dobbins, J. Pease and W. Galligan.

Hon. Orlando Allen here came forward and read a letter which had been received from a lady who felt a deep interest in the objects to which the funds arising from the proceeds of the present festival were to be devoted. It was as follows:

HAMBURG, Jan. 25, 1867.

*Dr. J. S. Trowbridge:*—

Please accept for the benefit of the Buffalo General Hospital the enclosed check for one hundred dollars.

Respectfully,

SUSAN WALDEN.

This announcement was loudly cheered, after which, the singing of the sacred pieces was resumed, and "Northfield," and two other very beautiful old airs were sung in a very admirable manner, when Miss Dobbins being led forward, favored the audience with "Oft in the Stilly Night" in a manner that called forth a tumult of approbation and a rapturous encore. The same lady then sang "Sweet Love, Good Night to Thee" in a sweet and charming style, Mr. Blodgett presiding at the piano forte.

A gentleman here attempted to address the audience, but was interrupted by several repeated cries from the gallery of "a song," "a song," upon which the Hon. L. F. Allen arose and spoke as follows: "The audience will take notice that this is *our* concert, not theirs. If order is not preserved we shall adjourn at once. We shall be glad to edify them farther by the performance of the pieces as they occur in the course of the proceedings, and not otherwise."

Three other sacred pieces were successively given in a very effective manner by the choir, after which Mr. James Taunt made his appearance on the stage, and sang the "Old Irish Gentleman" in his own imitable style, eliciting shouts of laughter and the warmest bursts of applause from his delighted audience, whose loud encore was gratified with one verse more.

This gentleman was followed by Mr. Sage, whose inexpressibly humorous song of "Hans Twaddle's Team," which originally appeared in the EXPRESS, was welcomed with shouts of uproarious merriment, and completely drew down the house. Being unmistakably encored, Mr. Sage then recited the veracious and comical history of a worthy Dutchman, exhibiting a wonderful familiarity with his hero's vernacular, the recital of whose adventures was a source of the highest apparent enjoyment to the audience.

The singing of the sacred portion of the programme was here resumed, "Coronation" being especially well received, when the Hon. Orlando Allen again came forward, and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—Before singing the concluding piece, I wish to say a few words with reference to the several committees of ladies and gentlemen who have had charge of getting up the Festival. You are not probably aware of the labor and trouble which they were obliged to undergo. Some mistakes have been made in the arrangements, but they have been as perfect as possible with the little experience we have had in such matters. Those of us who may be charged with getting up the Festival and preparing for another year will profit by the experience we have had this year. Any mistakes that have been made

were unintentional, and we ask that they may be overlooked. I desire to return the thanks of the committee for the generous contributions made by the citizens in general and especially for the patronage you have given us by coming from day to day to witness the proceedings. (Applause.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Allen's address, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to the tune of the glorious "Old Hundred," was sung by the Choir,—and the audience standing, which put a period to the proceedings of the night.

To Mr. Blodgett who officiated as musical director, and to the ladies and gentlemen who composed the choir generally, the thanks of the public are especially due, for the unprecedented success which crowned their efforts on this occasion.











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